

The Miner.

ESTABLISHED IN 1864.

J. H. MARION, Editor.

Prescott, Arizona Territory.

SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 12, 1868.

INDIAN MATTERS.

During the past week, our Indian brethren have been at their old tricks—killing and stealing. On the morning of the 4th inst., at Big Bug, 16 miles East from Prescott, they shot and killed Robert Smith, one of the best and most industrious of our citizens.

Monday night, within a mile of Prescott, they came across two cows belonging to R. Meacham, killed one and wounded the other so badly that she had to be killed, a day or two afterwards, in order to put an end to her misery and sufferings. They packed off every ounce of the flesh, hide, etc., of the cow-killed in the woods. These cows were brought here by Joseph Ehle, from Colorado, over four years ago, and during all that time, managed to escape capture and death by taking to their heels and running to town whenever they saw or smelt Indians, but the wily savages got them in a tight place at last.

About 4 o'clock, Thursday morning last, they stole up to the corral of T. M. Alexander, who resides on Granite Creek, about two miles below Prescott, and one mile below Fort Whipple, let down the bars and took therefrom five cows—all he possessed. The day previous, Mr. Alexander, while laboring in his field, was led to believe, from certain signs seen by him, that Indians were in the vicinity, and concluded to sit up and guard his cattle and horses that night, which he did, until about 4 o'clock next morning, when, thinking all danger past, and wearied with fatigue, he retired to rest. But it seems the red scoundrels who never sleep when there is a show for them to steal, and who, no doubt, had watched all night for a show, were not slow to take advantage of things, and gobble the cows. The first member of the family that got up on the morning in question, missed the cattle, when Mr. A. got up, dressed himself and hastened to fort and town to relate his loss and raise a party to follow the Indians. Shortly after, a party of 8 citizens and as many soldiers took the trail of the Indians and followed it as far as the Agua Fria, when, seeing no sign of Indians or cows, they gave up the chase and turned their faces homeward.

Now, we have lived through worse weeks for Indian murders and robberies than the one just past, but when this link, another, and another, and so on, *ad finem*, are added to the already lengthy chain of Indian crimes, cruelties and misdeeds, what shall we do? Shall we still continue to suffer on and submit to these outrages until we shall be entirely ruined and impoverished and forced to abandon this beautiful country, or shall we, like injured men, "who know our rights, and knowing, dare maintain" them, rise in our might, and with hearts steered for revenge, march to the Colorado river, the headquarters of the thieving, murderous wretches, and slay them like dogs? are questions for our people to decide.

Long have we borne with these savages, hoping against hope that Government would do something, but that something has not been done and we still suffer from their attacks, still grow weary guarding our lives and what little property yet left us to take care of for them; still listen to the same sad tale—"So and so has been murdered by Indians, such and such a man's herd has been stolen by Indians, and somebody's field, house or cabin robbed or burned by them!"

Arizona! these cowardly fiends have no decent, plausible excuse to exculpate them or shield them from justice for the crimes they have committed. Until their devilish, murderous natures prompted them to rob, waylay and murder our citizens, you treated them kindly and generously; dividing with them your scanty stores of provisions when they came begging to you; covering their nakedness, and shielding them from hunger and the cold of winter. But mark how the brutes have paid you back for former kindnesses. They have been tried and found wanting; they are worthless villains, cowardly sneaks, a curse to whites and industrious Indians alike, and no white man, citizen or soldier—no peaceable Indian should rest satisfied until the whole brood of Apaches, Wallapais, Yavapais, bad Mohaves, Yumas, Chinabuevas, and bad Indians of every other tribe and band in the Territory are sent to the alkali flats of perdition.

Monsters of iniquity, false-hearted, lying scoundrels, base ingrates, they profess love for their white brother when it suits their purpose, and torture him to death when it suits another purpose. Corner them, get the upper hand of them and they will enter into a treaty, while their minds are made up to break it the first chance they get, knowing that when again cornered our generous Government will give them another chance to "reform." But they never reform, for the old Harry is ingrained in them too deeply for reform.

A couple of weeks ago, we conversed with a gentleman, who had been acting as guide for Lieutenant Wells and Curtiss in their recent scout towards the Colorado, and he assured us, that it was the opinion of those officers that the Indians killed by them, and the Indians that kill and steal through the country between Prescott and the Colorado were River Indians, aye, Reservation Indians. The command went within 25 miles of the Colorado, and saw, in every direction, signal smokes, which go to show that these "peaceable" River Indians feared the soldiers from Prescott, and proves plainly that they had reasons for fearing them, as, undoubtedly, they are the Indians who have preyed upon us.

Mr. Chenoweth, a gentleman who has freighted over the road between La Paz and Prescott for several years past, is of the same opinion, and has told us that armed Indians go to and leave the Reservation whenever they please.

Now, in the name of all that is holy, why are they allowed to do this, why not make them stop on the Reservation, or tell the people to look out for them, that they cannot be kept there.

Their state of doing laying all blame upon the Apaches has humbugged us long enough. It has served its purpose, and was a plausible yarn, conjured up, to lure and fool us in the past.

There are no Apaches, now, living this side of the Verde river, sixty miles East from Prescott. The Indians of Squaw Hollow and of Black Canyon are not Apaches, but River Indians, who go to the Colorado whenever it suits their purpose, and come back to murder and rob us when the spirit moves them. They do not talk Apache, and know very little about the Apache country. In '63 they called themselves Yavapais, in '64 they were Apache-Mohaves, in '67-8 they are Apache-Yumas, but at all times they were and are scoundrels, with tongues like saints, and hearts as black as hell. The Apaches do, occasionally, make raids upon us, but New Mexico, Sonora and the Gila country have more attractions for them, and are closer to their homes than Central Arizona, and henceforth, we hope that when our citizens and soldiers feel like killing bad Indians, they will go straight to the Colorado river, where they may be found as thick as thorns on a cactus.

We have spun this article out to a considerable length, but it is time to discuss this Indian matter, and show it up to the country in its true light. Misguided and misinformed philanthropists, who know nothing about Indians or the trials and sufferings of frontier settlers, may say that it is a desire to get more troops sent to the Territory, and rob the government by selling them supplies that prompted us to write this article, but, as our Redeemer liveth, it is no such thing, and were they placed in our position they would shout louder and fiercer than we, for troops of some kind to close the lengthened scene of bloodshed, and robbery, bring rest, safety and prosperity to the suffering people of this victimized Territory. It is a disgrace to our government to allow savages to go on so, when it might, in one year, with a few thousand more troops than are now in the Territory, rid us of these pests. The money spent in effecting this would not be thrown away, after the job were done, it would not take us long to return it to the nation in gold and silver bullion. But if government persists in its present policy of abandoning its citizens to the tender mercies of the savages, our people will have to abandon their stores, mines, ranches, etc., and take the war-path. With us patience has ceased to be a virtue, and revenge alone should fill our hearts until our foes are either slain or whipped into submission.

The fools, tools, slaves and knaves are not all dead yet, as will be seen by the following: The other day, in conversation with a McCormick man, we enquired of him if he knew about what time Governor McCormick would arrive here from Tucson. He intimated as much as that he did, but declined to inform us. He said threats had been made against the Governor by citizens of Northern Arizona, and that some friend of the Governor's had written him to move cautiously, and not to divulge the route he intended to travel to Prescott. Furthermore, he told us that he had heard men say, in an emphatic manner, that "Governor McCormick would never go to Congress." Goodness, gracious! Who is there in Yavapai county so mad, so villainous, so suspicious, so vile, so cowardly or so disgustingly sycophantic as to hatch and write such stuff. He must be a lunatic, an assassin, or a sycophant. Governor McCormick has done everything in his power to injure Northern Arizona and her citizens, but there is not, north of the Gila, (unless it be the writer of the letter) a man base enough to waylay and do him bodily injury, and the Governor knows it. Out upon this malignant, villain or fool, whoever he may be, that has tried to blast the fair fame of Northern Arizona and her people.

FROM THE CIMARON MINES.—Some time ago, Robert W. Osborn, of Big Bug, in this county, wrote to Tho's Lowthian, formerly of this place, but now a resident of the Cimaron country, in New Mexico, for information in regard to the mines, and advice as to going there. Mr. Lowthian advises his friend to stop right where he is. He says it costs a great deal of money to open a mine in the Cimaron diggings, and that every claim is not rich. The following named Arizona men were on the Cimaron when the letter was written: Billy Middleton, Jack Turner, Dave Norris, Tom Roberts and the inevitable Major Holford, all of whom expected to return here soon. A frost, in the latter part of July nipped, badly, twenty acres of potatoes which Tom had planted.

J. W. BEEBE, a first-rate carpenter and good river, who was induced to follow the capital vehicle to Tucson, writes to a citizen of this place that his love for Tucson is on the wane. Well, Brother Beebe, we sympathize with you, and could have told you that your patron saint, J. B. (not Weller) would get the best of you. Several months ago, Mr. Beebe thought there was no place like Tucson, and no people like Tucsoners. "The world moves," and smart people oftentimes meet smarter ones.

ANAHEIM AND SAN BERNARDINO RAILROAD.—The Los Angeles Star, of a recent date, says: "Gen. Davidson and Major Strobe arrived in this city per steamer *Orizaba*, and left immediately for Anaheim Landing, for the purpose of surveying the harbor, prior to commencing the survey of the railroad from that place to San Bernardino. It is claimed that sufficient stock has been subscribed, and that arrangements have been made to commence work at an early day, and complete the entire road in one year." Hope so.

IN LUCK.—We are glad to learn that our former fellow-townsmen, Walker Williams, now of Sweetwater, stands a fair show to make a little money out of his mine, the Cariso. A recent clean-up of nearly 200 hundred tons, averaged \$50 to the ton. Sell out, Walk, and come back to Prescott.

ARIZONA.

Official Land Office documents inform us that within the boundaries of Arizona there are 72,906,304 acres, and 113,916 square miles. This great extent of country comprises every variety of soil and climate. About one-eighth part of this land may be classed as desert—the remainder is mineral, agricultural, timber and grazing land. Except the desert portion, no part of the Territory is worthless, and we doubt if there is a new country on the continent that can compare with this much-abused and shamefully neglected Territory. Arizona has a name abroad for sterility and worthlessness, among those who know nothing of the Territory. But, really, she does not deserve it, for even her waste places, the deserts—produce luxuriant grasses, esculent and nutritious fruits, etc. These patches of desert are to be found almost entirely on the southern and western rim of the Territory, and unfortunately for the Territory and her people, that is the portion best known. It is the portion through which the old overland route from the States to California, runs, and over which thousands of citizens and soldiers have travelled in crossing our Territory. But let us leave this road and strike north some 50, or 75 miles, and your eyes will perceive a country altogether different—a country clothed in perpetual green, covered with a thick growth of timber—a country that in winter is whitened with snow, and in summer, freshened with showers, whose rivers, lakes, creeks and brooks are numerous and filled with pure, cold water and sportive fish, where the cold of winter and the heat of summer are extremely moderate, where the air is pure and where sickness is rarely felt. Ah but say the *enigmas*, it is the home of the dreadful Apaches—those horrible Indians that kill and steal so! Well, admit the fact, Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, in fact all the Western States, were, but a few years ago, inhabited by hostile Indians, and are to-day in the enjoyment of peace and plenty. It will be so here, in a few years, and now is the time to settle in the Territory, acquire property, and thus lay the foundation for fortune and happiness.

Before three years shall pass, unless, unfortunately, our country could again embroil herself in war, a railroad will pass through this country; the Indians will be tamed, our rich mines will be worked, our immense forests of timber will yield us a large revenue, our pastoral lands will be dotted with herds, and our valleys, mesas, and side-hills will be covered with wheat, corn, barley, oats, orchards and vineyards. This is no idle dream, but it is a dream that will surely be fulfilled. Already, we have proven that corn, wheat, barley, oats, potatoes and all other vegetables, fruit of every description and grapes of every variety can be raised here. In fact, we are honest in the belief that a better grape country is nowhere to be found, as the wild growth of them to be found all over the Territory, attest. Besides all these, we have good reasons for believing that our mines are the richest and most extensive in the world, and Californians and Coloradans who have come here and examined them, are of the same opinion.

What few people there are in the country are well satisfied with it, are honest, peaceable, industrious, and anxious that people should come and settle among them. We do not offer immigrants a fortune in a day, but we offer them that from which fortunes can be speedily made.

Just now, those wishing to work for wages, can get all the work they want in this part of the Territory, at rates unheard of in the old States,—from \$75 to \$100 per month for laboring men. This too, is emphatically a white man's country, no inferior races are here to buck against him and cut down wages. Employers prefer white labor to any other, and it will always be so in this part of the Territory.

It gives us to read of the passage, through the southern part of our Territory, of trains of immigrants for California, who could do much better by settling in this Territory. But it seems that a trip over the southern route sickens them with Arizona. How different the case would be were they to come over the Whipple or 35th parallel route; which passes through a rich, well watered, delightful country. But this route is sealed to travel; there is no mail service upon it and no troops. A great deal of the population of Prescott and vicinity came over this route, from Colorado and the States, and when they arrived here they were so well pleased with the country, that most of them have settled down here for life.

Would to God those who come into the country on the Southern route would do so, and they would if they could but see the country a little to the North of them. It is singular that they never examine the rich bottom lands of the Gila and Salt River, upon portions of which, small but flourishing settlements have been made. The people of Phoenix, on Salt River, and of the settlements on the Gila, should meet those emigrants at Pima villages or Maricopa Wells, take them to their settlements, show them their crops and the thousands of unoccupied acres of farming land that invites the husbandman to till it. Other States and Territories beg for immigration and coax people to settle among them, then why should we not do the same thing—we who need workers worse than any State or Territory of the far west. Every county and section of the Territory has advantages and inducements to offer to immigrants, and now is the time to be up and doing. Pima county, like Yavapai, contains rich and extensive mineral deposits, good farming and grazing lands and abundance of timber. Yuma, Mohave and Pah-Ute counties contain mines of gold, silver and copper, and a great deal of the richest land in the world. The waters of the great Colorado, sweep by them to the sea, and steamers glide up and down their shores, freighted with everything needed by the people of the Territory. There is no reason for one section to be jealous of another. We all should unite for the general welfare, put our shoulders to the wheel and give a long pull, a strong pull and a pull altogether for the advancement of our fair Territory.

Charles C. Botts has returned to California.

Postal Matters—A Growl.

Cursed be the thief or thieves who rob letters, steal newspapers, and do various other villainous acts in U. S. Post Offices in Arizona or Southern California. May their lives on this planet be short, sorrowful and painful, and when they die may the bourne from which they will never return be the brimstone bourne. Long have our people suffered at the hands of some thieving postmaster or postmasters, and it gets no better fast. We thank God that no scoundrel can steal the air we breathe. We can look out for Indian thieves, guard against small pox, chills and fever, and need not swallow a fly if we are careful, but are powerless against thieving postmasters. Our people grow—all, everybody, get there is no redress. Letters are lost, money disappears, newspapers never turn up to the face of their rightful owners, and for want of confidence in postmasters, people are compelled to send letters by private conveyance. Come this way, oh, secret agent! we implore thee, and if you cannot trail the scoundrel, make a clean sweep of all the postmasters in this southern country and fill their places with honest men and you will earn the lasting gratitude of the people of Prescott and vicinity in particular, and those of Northern Arizona in general.

A CITIZEN of Prescott who has good reason to growl about not receiving his Eastern mail regularly, received, by last mail, a letter from a postmaster on the Gila River, informing him that the fault lay with the contractors between Maricopa Wells and Wickenburg. The Postmaster stated that from July 1st to August 15th, the mail was taken out of the office but twice, when it should have gone once a week. He also says that high water was not the cause of this neglect of duty, as there were boats on both the Gila and Salt Rivers. We despair of ever receiving Eastern papers and letters with anything like regularity, until they are carried direct over the Whipple or 35th Parallel route. And until such time as service is placed upon this route, the people of Northern Arizona would greatly prefer to have their Eastern mail sent via California. Then, they would stand some show of getting it inside of six months, and we hope Eastern publishers and letter-writers will hereafter send mail matter for Yuma, Mohave and Yavapai counties, Arizona, via California.

THE *Arizona*'s best ideal of a "statesman" is a tricky political wire-worker who pawns white to black for votes enough to elect him to Congress. His idea of an honest, patriotic man is one who chisels the Government out of every cent he can. His *best* ideal of an upright legislator is a man who forged election returns in one county; fled from the wrath to come to another to make laws for the people, sells out, the first chance he gets, and follows the wagons of his purchasers to the only place in the Territory where proclamations are made, and bad men flattered.

McCormick says: If he has not complied with the letter, he has with the spirit. No doubt of it. He must have been under the influence when he issued a proclamation ordering the election of officers to fill "certain offices."

McCormick's organ calls this part of the Territory a "wilderness." Better for it to be a wilderness, with a future, than an old dried-up fish-pond, without any future.

W. G. POINDEXTER, of Yuma county, has earned the thanks of the *Miner* by forwarding us a list of subscribers. Long may you wave the Democratic ensign, friend Poin.

FIRE IN THE REAR.—The Los Angeles *Republican* says: "Mr. Weed, late telegraph operator in this city, left last week for parts unknown, leaving rumors afloat in regard to his conduct, not calculated to do honor to his memory."

SAN PEDRO RAILROAD.—We learn from our Los Angeles exchanges, that all the ties and a good deal of the iron for the construction of this road, have been purchased and shipped.

SAN DIEGO.—The Los Angeles papers received here by last mail say that people are flocking to San Diego, with the hope that it will be the Pacific terminus of our 35th Parallel railroad.

EASTERN dry-goods merchants have recently ordered large shipments of California blankets to be made to them. It seems that Eastern people like these first-rate blankets fully as well as do the citizens of this coast.

VANDALISM.—Some fellow went into an orchard or nursery recently, near Los Angeles, and dug up four hundred young orange trees.

WHY should Governor McCormick's organ please Mexicans and galvanized whites? Because it is printed on *cigaretto* paper, and, of course, answers a double purpose for them—reading and smoking.

McCormick's ADVICE to DE LONG.—Love me little (Mac), love me (Do) long.

BASK BALL.—McCormick's bawl to the Mexicans and Indians before election. Bask Ball.—The bawl of professed Democrats who bawled for votes for him.

LATE NEWS FROM WICKENBURG.—Just before going to press, yesterday evening, L. B. St. James, Mr. Revis and two other gentlemen, arrived here from Wickenburg, in an ambulance belonging to Mr. Berger. From them we learn that, on Tuesday night last Indians stole, from a corral in the town, 25 or 30 head of horses, belonging to Mr. Lassen. Citizens went in pursuit of the thieves. Dr. Howard was sick night unto death when the party left Wickenburg.

LATER.—The mail rider and escort arrived in town at 5 o'clock, but brought no California mail. It was rumored at Wickenburg that the Indians had stolen all the mail stock between Granite Wash and Wickenburg.

Prescott Advertisements.

New and Important Discovery!

The undersigned have discovered that the only means by which Mining, Farming, and all other branches of business can be made to pay, the country to flourish, and the people made happy, is, TO SELL GOODS CHEAP, FOR CASH.

Being interested in the speedy completion of the Union Pacific Railway, E. D., we now propose to sell all kinds of goods, *Cheaper than Anybody*.

Call at the BRICK STORE, on the Plaza, and see for yourselves.

CAMPBELL & BUFFUM,
Prescott, July 24, 1868.

STILL IN THE FIELD!

GRAND FORWARD MOVEMENT!

FURTHER REDUCTION!

DOWN, DOWN, DOWN

GO THE PRICES!

UNPRECEDENTED RUSH UPON

D. HENDERSON & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Gents Ready-Made Clothing,
and Furnishing Goods,

Mission and Pioneer Mills' Woolen Goods,
Fancy Goods, Yankee Notions,
Confectionery, Stationery,

Meerschaum Pipes,
Tobacco, Cigars, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Hosiery,
Buckskin and Kid Gloves,
Nuts, Figs, Dates,

Henry's and Spencer's Improved Rifles, Colt's
Patent's, Blasting and Sporting Powder,
Fixed Ammunition, Caps, Fuse,
Clocks, Farming Implements, Groceries,
Wines and Liquors.

Dry-Goods, Dry-Goods, Dry-Goods,
CHEAPER THAN EVER!

We can and shall run a lively opposition
to high prices.

D. HENDERSON & CO.,
Corner of Granite and Gurley Streets,
Prescott, Arizona.

FEED AND SALE STABLE.

Goodwin Street, Opposite Plaza,
PRESCOTT, ARIZONA.

The undersigned have constantly on hand

HAY AND GRAIN,

Of the best quality, and at the LOWEST RATES.

Wagons, teams, saddle and pack animals,
always on hand, for sale or hire.

JAMES D. MONTAN,
WILLIAM E. DENISON.
Prescott, Aug. 19, 1867.

Pacific Brewery,

Montezuma Street, Prescott, Arizona.

RAIBLE & SCHREER, Proprietors.

AS WE BREW OUR OWN
Beer, and take great pains to
make it O. K., lovers of that healthy
and strengthening beverage will do
well by calling upon us and taking some of our
medicine.

Good LAGER BEER, Liquors and Cigars, al-
ways on hand.

JOHN RAIBLE,
PHILIP SCHREER.
Prescott, October 5, 1867.

CAMPBELL & BUFFUM,

WHOLESALE and RETAIL DEALERS IN

Groceries,	Provisions,
Wines,	Liquors,
Tobacco,	Cigars,
Clothing,	Dry-Goods,
Boots,	Shoes,
Tinware,	Hardware,
Paints,	Oils,
&c.,	&c.,
&c.,	&c.

FIRE-PROOF BUILDING,

West Side of the Plaza, Prescott, Arizona.

JOHN G. CAMPBELL,
W. M. BUFFUM.

Prescott, April 4, 1868.

NEW STORE.

GO TO...

KERR'S CHEAP STORE.

In the East Room of the Old Capitol Building,
North Side of the Plaza, Prescott.

If you wish to purchase
Groceries and Provisions,
Liquors, Can Fruits, Clothing,

Or anything else needed by you, for less money
than the same can be bought for anywhere else
in town.

EDWARD KERR.
Prescott, June 20, 1868.

INFORMATION WANTED.—OF
DALTON POWER, supposed to be a widow.
Any one knowing his address, will confer a
favor and be suitably rewarded, by addressing
CHARLES SIMMS, Hospital Steward, U. S. A.,
Camp Wallen, Arizona.